

# PLYMOUTH ADVERTISER.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ETC.

Volume I.

Plymouth, Ohio, Saturday, October 7, 1854.

Number 51

## LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

When lovers are wooing and wooing  
Pursuing some woman for wife,  
Naught is tho't of the storm that is brewing,  
To bring cloudy weather for life;  
But those who have gathered the flowers  
From the foot-fall of Cupid that spring,  
Know there grow in Hymeneal bowers  
Thorns, nettles, and briars that sting.  
He swears never woe was truer;  
She vows she allows not a beau  
To be near, or appear as ought to her,  
Save one that she slightly may know;  
But those who are by when they sigh,  
An such little peevish make,  
Can't conceive how these lovers can lie—  
Under such mists of mistake.  
Their style of exclusive devotion  
Is all very well in its way;  
But this very unsocial notion  
They find after marriage don't pay,  
"My darling" will last for awhile;  
For awhile be at intervals kissed;  
But, though parted by many a smile,  
"This rarely that Madame is Missed."  
This "paying address" possesses  
A charm, as each lover allows;  
But repeatedly paying for dresses  
Must follow Hymeneal vows;  
Though Cupid the office conceals  
That each hapless sufferer fills,  
Yet hymen more honest, reveals  
His duty of "paying up" bills.  
The paradise promised by Cupid,  
With cherubs as guardian sprites,  
Is rendered remarkably stupid  
To those who most sleep there at nights.  
These cherubs must all of them cast,  
Though the fact is a lover beneath;  
And his "Heaven below" is repulse  
With wailing and cutting of teeth.  
But a lover will never discover  
A fault in the one he would wed;  
From his dreams never seems to recover,  
Till the lamb to the altar is led.  
His idol then proves an ideal;  
Still worship he possibly can;  
Yet, though he may love what is real,  
You'll allow he's an after-dinner man.

## LONG TIME AGO.

On the lake where drooped the willow,  
Long time ago;  
Where the rock threw back the billow,  
Brighter than snow—  
Dwelt a maid beloved and cherished  
By high and low;  
But with Autumn's leaf she perished,  
Long time ago.  
Rock, and tree, and flowing water,  
Long time ago;  
Bird, and bee, and blossom taught her  
Love's spell to know;  
While to my fond words she listened,  
Murmuring low;  
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened,  
Long time ago.  
Mingled over our hearts forever,  
Long time ago;  
Can I now forget her—never—  
No, lost one, no!  
To her grave those tears are given,  
Ever to flow;  
She's the star I missed from heaven,  
Long time ago.

## A PRETTY IRISH MELODY.

Were I but his own wife to guard and to guide  
Lime,  
'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear;  
I'd chant my low love verses, stealing beside  
him,  
So faint and so tender his heart would not hear  
I'd pull the wild blossoms from valley and high-  
land,  
And there at his feet I would lay them all down  
I'd sing him the songs of our poor stricken island,  
Till his heart was on fire with a love like my  
own.  
There's a rose by his dwelling—I'd tend the  
lone treasure,  
That he might have flowers when the summer  
would come  
There's a harp in his hall—I would wake its  
sweet measure,  
For he must have music to brighten his home.  
Were I but his own wife, to guide and to guard  
him,  
'Tis little of sorrow should fall on my dear;  
For every kind glance my whole life would re-  
ward him—  
In sickness I'd soothe him and in sadness I'd  
cheer.  
My heart is a fount welling upward forever,  
When I think of my true love, by night or by  
day;  
That heart keeps its faith like a fast flowing river  
Which gushes forever and sings on its way,  
I have thoughts full of peace for his soul to  
rejoice in.  
Were I but his own wife, to win and to woo—  
O! sweet if the night of misfortune were clos-  
ing,  
To rise like the morning star, darling, like  
you.

## Lottery for Life.

INCIDENT IN THE WAR OF MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE

The following thrilling narrative is a recent translation in *Sharpe's Magazine*. A captain in the Mexican insurgent army in giving an account of a meditated night attack upon a hacienda situated in the Cordillera, and occupied by a large force of Spanish soldiers. After a variety of details he continues:

Having arrived at the hacienda unperceived, thanks to the obscurity of a moonless night, we came to a halt under some trees at some distance from the building, and I rode forward from my troop in order to reconnoitre the place. The hacienda, so far as I could see in glancing across a huge massive parallelogram, strengthened by enormous buttresses of hewn stone. Along this chasm, the walls of the hacienda almost formed the continuation of another perpendicular one, chiseled by nature herself in the rocks, to the bottom of which the eye could not penetrate, for the mists which incessantly boiled up from below, did not allow it to measure their awful depth. This place was in the country by the name of the *vallado*.

I had explored all sides of the building except this, when I know not what scruple of military honor incited me to continue my ride along the ravine which projected the rear of the hacienda. Between the walls and the precipices there was a narrow passway about six feet wide; by day the passage would not have been dangerous, but by night it was a perilous enterprise. The walls of the farm took an extensive sweep, the path crept around their entire basement and to follow it to the end in the darkness, only two paces from a perpendicular chasm, was no very easy task even for as practiced a horseman as myself. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate, but boldly urged my horse between the walls of the farm house and the abyss of the *vallado*. I had got over half the distance without accident, when all of a sudden my horse neighed aloud. The neigh made me shudder. I had reached a pass where the ground was just wide enough for the legs of a horse, and it was impossible to retreat my steps.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed at the risk of betraying myself—which was even less dangerous than encountering a horseman in front of me on such a road. "There is a Christian passing along the ravine! Keep back!" It was too late. At that moment, a man on horseback passed round one of the buttresses, which here and there obstructed this accursed pathway. He advanced towards me. I trembled in my saddle; my forehead bathed in cold sweat.

"For the love of God! can you not return?" I exclaimed, terrified at the fearful situation in which we both were placed. "Impossible!" replied the horseman, in a hollow voice.

I recommended my soul to God. To turn our horses around for want of room, to back them along the path we had traversed or even to dismount from them, those were both impossibilities which placed us both in presence of a fearful doom. Between two horsemen so placed upon this fearful path, had they been father and son, one of them must inevitably have become the prey of the abyss. But a few seconds had passed, and we were face to face—the unknown and myself. Our horses were head to head, and their nostrils dilated with terror, mingled together their fiery breathing. Both of us halted in dead silence. Above was the smooth and lofty wall of the hacienda; on the other side, but three feet distance from the wall, opened the horrible gulf. Was it an enemy I had before my eyes? The love of my country, which at that time boiled in my bosom, led me to hope it was.

"Are you for Mexico and the Insurgents?" I exclaimed in the moment of excitement, ready to spring upon the unknown horseman, if he answered me in the negative.

"Mexico Insurgent—that's my password," replied the cavalier. "I am Col. Garduno."

"And I am Capt. Castones."

Our acquaintance was of long standing and but for mutual agitation we should have had no need to have exchanged our names. The Colonel had left us two days since, at the head of the detachment which we suppose to be either prisoners, or cut off as he had not been seen to return to the camp.

"Well, Colonel," I exclaimed, "I am sorry you are not a Spaniard—for you perceive that one of us must yield the pathway to the other."

Our horses had the bridles on their necks, and I put my hands on the holsters of my saddle to draw my pistols.

"I see plainly," returned the Colonel with alarming coolness, "that I should already have blown out the brains of your horse, but for the fear lest mine, in a moment of terror, should precipitate me with yourself to the bottom of the abyss."

I remarked, in fact that the Colonel already held his pistols in his hand. We both maintained almost profound silence.

Our horses felt the danger like ourselves and remained as immovable as if their feet were nailed to the ground. My excitement had entirely subsided. "What are we going to do?" I demanded of the Colonel.

"Draw lots which of us two shall leap into the ravine."

It was in fact the sole means of resolving the difficulty. "There are nevertheless some precautions to take," said the Colonel. "He who shall be condemned by the lot shall retire backwards. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit; but in short, it is a chance, and especially one in favor of the winner."

"You cling not to life then?" I cried out, terrified at the *sang-froid* with which this proposition was put to me.

"I cling to life more than yourself," sharply replied the Colonel, "for I have a mortal outrage to avenge. But time is slipping away. Are you ready to proceed to draw the last lottery at which one of us will ever assist?"

How were we to proceed to this drawing by lot? By means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail, like the school boys? Both ways were impracticable. Our hands imprudently stretched out over the heads of our horses, might cause them to give a fearful start. Should we toss up a piece of coin, the night was too dark for us to distinguish which side fell upwards. The Colonel bethought himself of an expedient of which I never should have dreamed.

"Listen to me, Captain," said the Colonel to whom I had communicated my perplexities; "I have another way. The terror of which our horses feel makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh—"

"Wins!" I hastily exclaimed.

"Not so—shall be the loser. I know you are a countryman, and as such you can do whatever you please with your horse. As to myself, who but last year wore a gown, of a theological student, I fear your equestrian prowess. You may be able to make your horse neigh—to hinder him from doing so is a very different matter."

We waited in deed and anxious silence until the voice of one of our horses should break forth. The silence lasted for a minute—for an age! It was my horse who neighed first. The Colonel gave no external manifestations of his joy, but no doubt he thanked God to the very bottom of his soul.

"You will allow me a minute to make my peace with heaven?" I said to the Colonel, with faltering voice.

"Will five minutes be sufficient?"

"A will," I replied. The Colonel pulled out his watch. I addressed towards the heavens, brilliant white stars, which I thought I was looking up to for the last time, an intense and a burning prayer.

"It is time," said the Colonel. I answered nothing, and with a firm hand gathered up the bridle of my horse, and drew it within my fingers, which were agitated with a nervous tremor.

"Yet one moment more," said I to the Colonel, "for I have need of all my coolness to carry into execution the fearful manoeuvre which I am about to commence."

"Granted," replied Garduno.

My education, as I have told you, had been in the country. My childhood, and part of my earliest youth, had almost been passed on horseback. I may say without flattery myself, that if there was any one in the world capable of executing the equestrian feat, it was myself. I rallied myself with an almost supernatural effort, and succeeded in recovering my entire self possession in the face of death. Take it at the worst, I had already braved it two often to be any longer alarmed at it. From that instant I dared to hope afresh.

As soon as my horse felt for the first time since my rencontre with the Colonel the bit compressing his mouth I perceived that he trembled beneath me. I strengthened myself firmly on my stirrups, to make the terrified animal understand that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with the bridle on the hames, as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage, and, with the bridle, the body and the spur together, succeeded in backing him a few paces. His head was already a greater distance from that of the horse of the Colonel, who encouraged me all he could with his voice. This done, I left the poor trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror, repose for a few moments and then recommenced the same manoeuvre. All of a sudden, I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame. I closed my eyes as if to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next to hacienda, the surface of which offered not a single turf of weeds to check by descent. This sudden movement joined to the desperate struggle of my horse was the salvation of my life. He had sprung up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him, so despatched did I feel them tremble.

I had succeeded in reaching between

the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building, a spot some few inches broader. A few more would have enabled me to turn him round, but to attempt it here would have been fatal, and I dared not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress, step by step. Twice the horse threw himself on his hind legs and fell down in the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew, either with voice, bridle or spur; the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear. Nevertheless I did not feel my courage yet exhausted, for I had no desire to die. One last solitary chance of safety suddenly appeared to me like a flash of light, and I resolved to employ it. Through the fastening of my boot, and in reach of my hand was placed a sharp keen knife which I drew forth from my sheath. With my left hand I began crossing the mane of my horse, all the while letting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by a plaintive neighing; then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed by little and little to the curve of his nervous neck, and finally rested upon the spot where the vertebrae united itself with the cranium. The horse trembled but I calmed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, I leaned forward towards the wall, my feet gently slid from the stirrups, and with one pointed blow I hurried the pointed blade of my knife in the seat of the vital principle. The animal fell as if thunderstruck without a single moan; and for myself with my knees almost even with my chin, I found myself on horseback across a corpse. I was saved! I uttered a triumphant cry which was responded to by the Colonel and which the abyss re-echoed with a hollow sound, as if it felt that its prey had escaped from it. I quitted the saddle, sat myself down between the wall and the body of my horse, and vigorously pushed with my feet against the body of the wretched animal, which rolled down into the abyss. I then rose and cleared at a few bounds the distance which separated the place where I was from the plain; and under the irresistible reaction of terror which I had so long suppressed I sank into a swoon upon the ground. When I reopened my eyes, the Colonel was by my side.

THE OLD FARMER'S PHILOSOPHY.—A good story is told of an old farmer, who had somewhat advanced in years without learning much of the mysteries of nature. What knowledge the old gentleman had gleaned was entirely independent of science. He did not know whether a microscope was something to eat, or a new-fangled farming machine. A young friend, fresh from school, once paid him a visit, and was very anxious to enlighten the old man on the wonders of the microscope, a specimen of which he carried about him. While the old philosopher was making a frugal meal in the field at noon, the youth produced his microscope and explained its operation, which he illustrated by exhibiting its powers upon several bugs and divers atoms of animated matter at hand. To his surprise, the aged pupil did not manifest much astonishment, and string by his indifference he detailed to him how many scores of living creatures he devoured at every mouthful, and in each drop which quenched his thirst. At this his hearer was skeptical; to prove the fact, the boy snatched from his hand a chunk of rich cheese which he was then devouring, and placed it under the magnifier, the mass of wriggling animalcules was triumphantly pointed out. The old man gazed upon the sight indifferently, and at length with the utmost nonchalance, took another huge bite. "Don't," exclaimed the boy; "don't eat it, uncle Ben; don't you see 'em? See 'em squirm and wriggle." "Let 'em wriggle!" said the old philosopher, munching away calmly, "they're got the worst on't; if they kin stan' 't, I kin!"—and he deliberately finished his meal.

"An' Cuff, will ye be after tipping us a wee bit of a song this cold morning?" "Golly, massa Pat, I can't sing."

"Can't sing! An' what's yer leg stuck in the middle o' yer fut for, like a bird's, if ye can't sing?"

"Wouldn't you call this the calf of a leg?" asked Bob, pointing to one of his neither limbs, rather compactly encased representations of barber poles and running vine.

"No," replied Jim, "I should say it was the leg of a calf!"

If you see a squall raising in the latitude of your wife, what course should be pursued to avoid its consequences?

Double her cape with your left arm, and let your lips drop anchor on the cruising ground of "smackes."

The times are getting so dreadful hard at people can't "pay attention."

## Doesticks on Croton Water.

New York, July 26.

Only once in my life have I been drunk. It was a youthful inebriation, caused by partaking too freely of cider made from apples with worms in it. At present I am sober. Whether for the last four and twenty hours I have been so, is the point requiring elucidation. If during that period I have been intoxicated, then the time has arrived when any person who wishes to have a regular "drunk" need only apply to the nearest hydrant. Here, I feel I have supposed water to be a beverage innocent and harmless; but now—well, no matter—I will not anticipate. Listen while I relate a plain, unvarnished tale.

I left my boarding house in company with a friend to witness the Shakespearean revival at Burton's—he "Midsummer Night's Dream." Before leaving the hotel, at his suggestion, we partook of a portable, known, I think, as punch—whisky punch. I watched attentively the preparation of this agreeable beverage, and I am certain that there entered into its composition a certain amount of water—Croton water, as I have every reason to believe; and I am also sure that in that treacherous draught I imbibed the first instalment of that villainous liquid which produced the diabolical state of facts I am about to describe; and also that the second and third of those ingenious inventions, (both of which we drank on the spot) where as guilty, in this respect, as their illustrious predecessor! And I furthermore conscientiously state that my glass of brandy (one of a couple we ordered soon afterwards) and which, according to my invariably custom, should have been "straight," was also surreptitiously, diluted with the same delectable fluid by the malicious bar keeper, for I remember experiencing a slight confusion on going out, and mistaking a tossil chopper for a Broadway theatre.

We immediately entered another saloon to procure the wherewith to steady our nerves when we partook of two gin cocktails and a brandy smash individually, and I state according to the best of my knowledge and belief, that our principal ingredient in each and every one of these compounds was water—Croton water—culpably introduced therein by some evil disposed persons without my knowledge or consent. On leaving this saloon I noticed that my friend, although a single man had by some mysterious process of multiplication become two. I kept fast hold of both, and, after doubling, with a great deal of difficulty, a great number and variety of corners, we reached Burton's. Tickets being mysteriously procured we entered, and eventually occupied seats. Finding after a prolonged trial, that it was impracticable to put my hat in my vest pocket, I placed it on the floor and put both feet on it. The theatre gradually seemed to be somewhat mixed up. The parquette, gallery, and dress circle were all one; and the stage was whirling round at a rate which must have been extremely inconvenient to the revolving act.

At length, after a liberal allowance of overtime, the curtain went up, and I was enabled, by the most unremitting attention to concentrate the actors sufficiently to understand the performance. And many things which I hitherto deemed dramatically incorrect were presented to my wondering vision then and there. "Hippolyta" was dressed in knee-breeches and breeches; and "Titania" did not to me present a very fairy-like appearance in a fireman's red-shirt and a three cocked hat. "Oberon" was not so objectionable, (being a gentleman,) in a talm and plaid pantaloons, though even he might blacked his boots and omitted his spurs. And I fear I did not properly appreciate the rest of the fairies who had their head decorated with sunflowers and their hands full of onions.

At last the entertainment was concluded, and I remember consulting with my duplicated friends as to the feasibility of a return to Brooklyn, in our boarding house. On our journey thither we witnessed many strange things about which I desire information. In the first place, is it the custom as a general thing, for the City Hall and Barnum's Museum to indulge in an animated contra dance up and down Broadway in the middle of the night accompanied by their fantastic movements, by the upper story of Stewert's and the Bible Society's building? for they certainly did, on that eventful evening, and I feel called upon to enter my solemn protest against these nocturnal architectural salutatory exhibitions, as unworthy the dignity of the Empire City. And I would with all humanity suggest, that if the stony goddess of Justice, whose appropriate place is on the top of the City Hall, will desert her responsible post she might choose a more becoming amusement than sitting cross-legged on the top of a Houston street stage, playing the jewsharp.

I am now convinced that Bowling green fountain is not permanently located on

the top of Trinity Church cross; but that it was on that memorable night, my wondering eyes bore ample testimony. I am sufficiently well acquainted with the city to know that the Astor House should be found on the corner of Barclay-st., but I am ready to take my oath, that on that particular occasion it tilted as an opposition ferry boat between Whitehall-st. and Hamilton avenue. The last thing I distinctly recollect is trying to pay the fare for three on this novel craft, with a single piece of money, (which I now know to have been a Bungtown copper,) and demanding two-and-sixpence change which I didn't get.

In the morning I found myself in bed with my overcoat on, and afterwards discovered my boots under the pillow—my hat in the grate, with my pantaloons and hair-brush in it—my watch in the waterjug, and my latch-key in the bird cage. I presume I had tried to write a letter to some one with my tooth brush, as I found that article in my inkstand.

Now if Croton water interferes with my susceptible system in this unacceptable manner, what shall I drink? I would resort to milk, but I fear our city edition of the lacteal contains sufficient of the aqueous enemy to again upset my too delicate nerves. To you only can I come; and I exclaim, like Caesar, when he too was afflicted with superfluity of water, "Help me Cæsar, or I sink!" I submit the case to you. Relieve my anxiety if within your power.

Hugely yours,

Q. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B.

P. S.—What would be the effect of brandy and water, without any water, and a little lemon? Q. K. P.

A FAST COUNT.—A correspondent of the Washington Sentinel, writing from San Francisco, thus describes some of the peculiarities of that city:

This is probably the fastest town, occupied by the fast inhabitants, now existing. Men, women, horses, dogs, cats and rats—there are 100,000 rats for every human being—are running up the secret and down the street as if a battalion of devils was after them. A horse and cart runs over a man and the driver does not stop to see the result. A pile driver smashes a man's foot into a jelly, he is jerked out and the pile drivers would smash another the next minute if an opportunity offered its progress a moment's time. If you are crossing the intersection of the street the chances are ten to one but what you are run over by four somethings. Every thing is done in a hurry. They buy, sell, marry, and divorce. There are 600 divorce cases now awaiting the decision of the legislature.

The stores, places of amusement and of resort, are the most beautiful and superb I ever saw or imagined. One window of a jeweller's store contains more valuable ornaments than would buy any Washington shop out. Snuff boxes \$1000, watches \$4,000 and \$5,000, and beads \$600, and so on. There is in a drug store one beautiful assorted mass of gold, silver, glass and marble. Gold and silver spatulas, with agate stands.

Mantua-makers have wax models representing the most beautiful and voluptuous women dressed in the most costly and magnificent manner, so perfect, five feet off, you could not tell them from models with blood coursing their bodies. Gold dollars are thrown in a window as something to be looked at simply. I think I saw about half a peck in one window.

A dentist has for a sign an immense coral tooth, looking as if it had been extracted from the gum of a Titan.

A hatter has twenty or thirty elegant hats suspended in the street before the door, merely to indicate what can be produced within. They may remain until they get rusty, when their places must be filled by others.

THE CLOCK AT ST. PAUL'S.—A writer in the Foreign Quarterly, thus describes the machinery of this great London clock:

"The pendulum is fourteen feet long, and the weight at the end of it is one hundred weight; the dial on the outside is regulated by a smaller one within; the length of the minute hand on the exterior dials is fifteen feet, and the length of the hour hand is eight feet, and the weight of each is 75 pounds, the length of the hour figures, two feet and two and a half inches. In the face of the dial is an aperture of about a foot square, through which visitors are allowed to protrude their heads to observe the hands in motion, the minute hand making a considerable leap at each swing of the pendulum. A gentleman was one time indulging his curiosity in this way, the hand being above his head, and afterwards turning to look below, remained in that position, until on attempting to move he found the minute hand close on the back of his neck, and was totally unable to extricate himself.

"Gently the dew is o'er me stealing," as the fellow said when he had five due-bills presented to him at once.